And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregorie*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
Enter seruants with supper.
Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foot awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.
Enter one with water.
Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? shall I haue some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomack,
Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,

The meat was well, if you we
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'tw
And I expressely am forbid
For it engenders choller, pla
And better 'twere that both
Since of our selues, our selue
Then feede it with such ouer
Be patient, to morrow 't shal
And for this night we'l fast f
Come I will bring thee to th
Enter Ser
Nat. Peter didst euer see
Peter. He kills her in her
Grumio. Where is he?
Enter Curt
Cur. In her chamber, ma
and railes, and sweares, and
not which way to stand, to
risen from a dreame. Away,
Enter
Pet. Thus haue I politic
And 'tis my hope to end suc
My Faulcon now is sharpe, a
And till shee stoope, she must
For then she neuer lookes vp
Another way I haue to man
To make her come, and know
That is, to watch her, as we w
That baite, and beate, and wi
She eate no meate to day, no
Last night she slept not, nor
As with the meat, some vnde
Ile finde about the making o
And heere Ile fling the pillow
This way the Couerlet, anoth
I, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reuerend c
And in conclusion, she shall w
And if she chance to nod, Ile

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.1